



FISHING AND FISHED.

## HE ACTED AT ONCE.

MISS SEEKE—"Do you really belong to the Press Club, Jack?"

MR. HYDE—"Of course I do. Why?"

MISS SEEKE—"Oh, nothing! I—I—that is, are you an active member?"

## A SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN AUTHOR.



PUBLIC attention having lately been drawn to Canadian literature, its rewards and punishments, I have prepared a brief sketch of the career of the late Bardolph Balderdash, in the hope that it may prove a stimulus to the energy of the rising generation of authors. Few, indeed, may achieve the success of that eminent man of letters, yet it is well to keep the lives

of such great men before us in order to point the path to sublimity.

Though the brilliant record of Mr. Balderdash is wholly due to the force of his genius, it must be acknowledged that his position in life was not unfavorable to the pursuit of literature. On reaching manhood he became, through the kindness of a relative, the recipient of a small annuity sufficient to furnish him with the barest necessities. Thus secured from absolute want he devoted himself to literary labor, with an unfettered mind, buoyant with the hope and ambition of youth. He wrote poems, tales and essays on subjects of national interest. His writings were accepted by the principal journals of the country, and he soon won wide distinction.

His first gains were expended in the purchase of one of those cheap, but tasteful receptacles with which the wise paterfamilias seeks to encourage habits of thrift and industry in his children. He determined to put into this

little box all moneys received for literary work, and draw upon the fund only in emergencies.

Years passed and his fame grew, but his eyesight failed. Too close application to the dictionary told upon his optic nerves. It was necessary to procure the aid of the optician. He considered this an expense which justified him in rifling the contents of his savings box. He did so, and what was his joy to find therein the price of a pair of spectacles. He effected the purchase, and redoubling his exertions soon took the first place among Canadian literateurs.

Time wore on and his teeth wore out. Tough steak and superannuated poultry broke them off short or loosened them in their sockets. A visit to the dentist became a necessity. He had now enjoyed a long era of popularity, yet it was with some misgiving that he again examined the contents of the box, into which he had not failed to put all his earnings. Nor did it fail him in this hour of need. It purchased an hour of agony at the hands of the dentist, and armed him to the teeth in plated mail which enabled him to set the butcher's machinations at defiance.

Some time after this he lost his hearing. Nature threatened to become a voiceless blank to him, an awful calamity to a poet. But once again he had recourse to the box, which seemed as unfailing as the widow's cruse of oil. For again its contents cheered his heart, and he purchased therewith an ear-trumpet.

His popularity suffered no abatement, but even increased with his years. His name was upon every tongue, and no book of selections, in prose or verse, from Canadian authors, was considered complete without large extracts from his works. His garret study was thronged with the good and great, and became a Mecca for the aspiring literary pilgrim.

Death loves a shining mark, however, and so in fulness of years and honors the summons came. On his dying bed he gave directions to his sorrowing friends that they should open the little box and expend its contents in procuring him Christian burial, which was done; and though the amount fell five dollars short of the usual charges, the undertaker, a warm admirer of the poet, generously over-looked the deficit and gave him a respectable funeral.